

Good Morning 315

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Here's News from Home, A.B. Vincent Russell

YOUR mother was out when first we called at 21 Langham Street, Leeds, A.B. Vincent Russell, but an old friend, Mrs. Mackintosh, told us she would be back after dinner.

Later we found her at home with your sister Irene and that little niece who was only a few days old last time you saw her. The whole family are fit and well, Ruby being especially happy in her munition job.

They all wished you had been home for your birthday, but mother says she's saving the cake until you're on leave again. She assured us it would keep, so no sarcastic remarks about rock buns!

Dad is fine. Your mother, Irene, and Mrs. Mackintosh had all received letters from you, and, regarding that all-important question in her letter, Mrs. Mackintosh is delighted, and Mina is still trying to break production records on munitions. (Incidentally, Mrs. Mackintosh whispered that you'd make a grand son-in-law!)

All Jean could send you, uncle, was a happy gurgle, but we're certain it meant love and best wishes. She's quite a bouncing baby now, and Irene is proud of her.

Your piano is still in its old familiar place, but there's no one to play while you're away, and mother says they're all

looking forward to some more tunes. They asked us to tell you that George and Fred are all right, and looking after your sisters.

Finally, here's a personal message from all the family: "All our love and best wishes." Then there is a big kiss from Mina, and last, but not least—a final gurgle from Jean!

Several answered, but Price

This Greyhound Doping Business

(W. H. Millier tells Story)

A RECENT case before the courts, in which a couple of would-be get-rich-quick merchants were convicted on the charge of conspiring to "dope" greyhounds, is a reminder of the vigilance exercised by the authorities, whose business it is to keep this highly remunerative sport clean.

Where so much money changes hands so quickly, and so easily, it is only to be expected that the slick lads, who neither toil nor spin, should be attracted by the possibilities of getting money for nothing.

It does not require much brain-power to get the dope administered to the greyhounds, and doping therefore has been one of the easiest methods of ensuring that the "race" is a virtual walk-over for the greyhound which the gangsters have backed.

As the greyhound executives are fully alive to this fact, they have their methods of counteracting this villainy. It is a question of thinking up new wheezes to beat the safeguards, and the tactics are continually changing.

BARRING DOPE TRACKS.

But in case it may be thought that this practice is widespread in greyhound racing, let me say at once that it is nothing of the sort.

A few years ago a gang of

ruffians toured the provinces and made many clean-ups with their doping, and they were a menace. They were beaten eventually, and, as far as I know, have been put out of business.

Their activities became so strong that owners of first-class greyhounds would not enter their animals at certain provincial tracks, and when this came about something had to be done to put a stop to the crooks.

The London tracks have been too difficult for the gangsters to work, and the recent prosecution shows that they cannot get away with it for long. In the ordinary way greyhounds are so well guarded that it is difficult for a wrong 'un to get at them for nefarious purposes.

What the crook then tries to do is to cultivate the kennel boys. This is such an obvious move, that the tracks have made provision for this.

For instance, the Greyhound Racing Association not only pays its kennel lads to be honest, but also rewards any lad who at once notifies his chief of any approach by undesirable characters. Before the war most of the G.R.A. kennel lads were recruited from the Services, and a number were ex-Guardsmen.

They could generally be depended upon to take care

of themselves, but to make doubly sure the Association used to employ a pretty tough professional boxer to take care of them, and, in between times, he used to give them lessons in unarmed combat.

I can certainly say that nobbling greyhounds was anything but an easy task so far as London tracks were concerned before the war.

Now, however, the prevalent man-power shortage may have some effect in enabling the crooks to get to work with less chance of being checkmated, but still I doubt whether they have much success.

AMAZONS TAKE CHARGE.

Kennel lads were among the first to leave their peace-time jobs. As many of them were reservists, they had to rejoin their units immediately. Women had to be employed instead, and if the crooks thought they would be easier to deal with than the lads they were sadly mistaken.

Most of the women love the greyhounds they look after, and woe betide anyone who desires to harm any of their charges.

For some time after the war started many of the Irish lads

much money he became a smuggler.

To escape the Customs men he dropped that and started a fraudulent lottery office in Covent Garden. The prize was £2,000. One claimant for an eighth share couldn't get any satisfaction, so he went to Bow Street police.

BANK TAKES NOTES.

Price wrote a letter of protest to the magistrate (Sir John Fielding), promised to pay, and then decamped with the remainder of the prize, £1,750.

He lay low for a while,

muffled up. At others he was a fashionable man with a patch over his left eye. Hence the name, "Old Patch."

Once he dressed as a country parson, and, under the name of Schultz, made an appointment with a diamond merchant to buy diamonds.

He had the diamonds brought to him in his hackney coach (he was too ill to leave the coach, he said), and handed over banknotes in payment. The sum was £1,000. Then the coach drove off.

Within an hour the Bow Street Runners were after



A contemporary print of "Old Patch."

"OLD PATCH"—HE BEAT 'EM ALL

(From Russell Sinclair)

EVEN when they had him in Bow Street Police Station in January, 1786, "Old Patch" beat them.

He was one of the most extraordinary forgers and swindlers who ever lived. He beat the Bank of England experts who put out a reward for his capture. He beat the best Bow Street Runners of the day. He could disguise himself so that his friends did not know him. And he wasn't very "old" after all.

His real name was Charles Price. In early youth he took to forgery and swindling like a duck. He disguised himself in his brother's clothes, stole articles belonging to his father, and pawned them. His brother was "identified" and punished.

Then Charles got a job with a hosier. Disguising himself as "the Hon. Mr. Bolinbroke," he actually entered the shop and ordered a quantity of goods. Then out by the front door, and into the shop by the back door, he went, changed into his ordinary garments, hid the disguise, and volunteered to carry the goods to "Mr. Bolinbroke's address."

He pawned the goods, and told his boss that "Mr. Bolinbroke" was out and so he didn't get the money.

When the shopkeeper called in the police on learning that there was no Mr. Bolinbroke at the address, Charles vanished—with the money. He went to Holland.

DABBLED IN MATRIMONY.

On the way he forged a letter of introduction to a Dutch merchant, got a job, and was there only a short time when he ran away with the Dutchman's daughter. He deserted her, came back to London, and started up a bogus matrimonial agency.

He inserted an advertisement in London newspapers, saying a lady was "willing to engage herself for life" with a gentleman of character, fortune and honour. Her age was 22.

"Any gentleman who answers this may direct a letter to A.Z. at the Bedford Head, Southampton Street, Strand; and if their morals and situation are approved, they will then be waited on by a person who will procure an interview."

Several answered, but Price

picked on a rich young man named Wigmore, who, having paid fifty guineas, was allowed to see the lady's guardian—who was Price. That was all Wigmore ever heard of the "young lady."

FOOTE IN BEER.

Price then advertised for a partner in a business (unstated) which would yield fifty per cent. The capital asked for was "between £500 and £1,000."

Footo, the celebrated actor, answered the advert., and learned that the business was a brewery. Footo produced some money and a brewery was started; but the beer was undrinkable. Then Footo quit.

Price then operated as a Methodist preacher; and as that didn't bring him in

then embarked on a great scheme of forgery. He made counterfeit Bank of England notes, and the Bank got so annoyed it offered £200 for apprehension of the forger.

In spite of this Price kept swindling the Bank with forged notes for six years!

He walked into the Bank one day and presented a note, which the clerk changed for him without demur. It was a note for £500.

Soon after he had gone it was discovered the note was a bad one.

He changed his disguises again and again. At times he would be an old man suffering from asthma, so he was

the parson, for the notes were fakes. But Price got away, and when he was interviewed he was amazed at the idea of himself being thought capable of such conduct.

He went over to Amsterdam, but returned a month or so later, this time disguised again, under the name of Trevor.

Hot on his heels came a letter from Amsterdam to the London Exchange saying that a rascal named Trevor had swindled a merchant there of £1,000.

The letter gave his description, and advised a London business man to approach this Trevor, who was bound to come to the Exchange, make friends with him, and then get him arrested.

One of the dealers on the London Exchange saw "Trevor" and carried out the first part of the instructions, actually inviting Trevor to his home.

There he told Trevor that he intended to keep him for arrest, but Trevor (Price) begged the dealer not to carry out his threat, and said he could show him how to make £500.

He offered to pay the £1,000 back, and produced a cheque. The dealer fell for it. He gave Trevor a cheque for £500, intending to keep the other £500. Trevor promised to leave London.

Next morning the dealer found that the £1,000 cheque was a forgery, and that his own cheque for £500 had been cashed as soon as the bank opened!

Price then, under another name, started more forgery. He had an assistant, to whom he gave the notes to be changed.

The assistant, named Samuel, did not know the cheques were forged; but Price was always in a hackney coach, watching whether the assistant got away with the money. Then he drove home before the assistant arrived with it.

This went on for years, one scheme followed by another. At last he was caught by a police officer called Tring.

Even then they did not know this man's identity. Oh the way to the station Price offered Tring £500 to let him go. Tring didn't.

At Bow Street, before Sir John Fielding, they couldn't find anybody to identify Price. He was so often disguised that nobody had seen him as he really was.

KNEW HIS JOB.

He was taken to Tothill Fields Prison to await police inquiries. That was on a Saturday.

Price spent the Sunday in prayer. He asked for two gimlets to hang his coat on, and two gimlets were brought him.

And on the gimlets Price hanged himself, after writing a letter to the prison governor, thanking him for his kind treatment. He also left a series of writings on the Book of Job.

He was buried as a suicide near the cross-roads not far from the prison. But a few days later the grave was found open and his body taken away. It was said that his wife (if she was his wife) took the body, but the truth was never discovered. He was a swindle to the end—and after.

THINK OVER

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most,
grows two thereby.

George Herbert
(1593-1633).

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/c Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

'This is the wrong Man'

PART III

The Sea-green Grocer

By Jasper Power

Pybus contrived to turn his aching head and peer out. He found himself gazing at the seat of a pair of faded dungaree trousers, neatly reinforced with rectangular patches, which varied in shade as in period of application. A coarse blue jersey was tucked inside these trousers at the waist, which was encircled by a broad leather belt. Hanging from the belt at the small of the back was a knife in an oily black sheath, stitched with wire. Halfway up the thigh the trousers disappeared into the top of heavy leather seaboots.

"Good afternoon yourself, sleeping beauty," said Hairy Butler affably. "I suppose ye have a mouth on ye as dry as a lime-burner's clog. Would on till I get ye a drop o' scald."

"Thank you very much," said the grocer. "But where am I? Am I on a boat?"

Hairy Butler stared hard at him, then looked helplessly at the two men playing a desultory game of cribbage, the Articles nailed to the bulkhead, and the pile of ropes and blocks waiting to be stowed in the forepeak. His leathery face expressed real emotion. Only once in a lifetime is a man given an opportunity for the retort crushing, and Hairy Butler realised that he had been found wanting.

"Yes, mister, ye're in a ship," he said in a strained voice; "ye're in the 'Herod Antipas.'"

A gust of cold air burst into the foc'sle before Pybus could reply, as a newcomer entered in shining wet oilskins girt about the middle with body-and-soul lashings of rope yarn. "Where's that new fella, has he come to life yet?" he demanded brusquely.

"That's him," said Hairy Butler, "sitting happy as a nigger in a fansom cab. He's only just after asking me was this a ship he was in. It's a grand assortment of hoodlums ye have for'ard this trip, bo'sun," the Irishman added maliciously.

"All these things is sent to try us," said Malachi Crinnion piously. "They strengthens the character."

"G'wan out of that, ye ould Manx Protestant," jeered Hairy Butler. "If ye disbelieved in Purgatory in this world as well as the next I'd like ye the better, wid yer everlasting soojee and chipping."

"I shall do my jooty," said the bo'sun primly, pushing the grocer out on deck. He pointed to two heads peering over the canvas dodger on the weather side of the bridge. "The Old Man's still up with the mate," he said. "Go on up. I don't suppose it's the first time ye've been logged, by the look of you."

He watched with growing bewilderment as Pybus promptly went down on all fours, partly from dizziness and partly from the motion of the ship. No sooner had the grocer regained his feet than he tripped over the pilot ladder still lying flaked along the deck, and went sprawling into the scuppers. A small sea toppled over the bulwark as he lay there and drenched him to the skin.

Captain China Hughes was not in a cheerful frame of mind as he watched the English lights recede across the heaving miles of dirty green water. The whole side of his face was swollen with toothache. He had made an appointment with the dentist the day before, which had fallen through when the owners unexpectedly demanded his presence at their office in Billiter Street.

The only purpose of this urgent summons, as far as the Captain had been able to discover, was to administer yet another nagging lecture on that grounding in the Bitter Lakes, which they seemed to think he had deliberately engineered for his own personal pleasure.

No sooner had he returned

on board than the chief engineer had informed him of the presence of a Malay among the Chittagong Las-cars shipped in Cardiff, and Captain Hughes had an almost superstitious horror of Malays. Now there was an unpleasant glitter in his eye as he watched the evolutions of the new A.B. making his way aft.

"Come here, you," he snapped, as Pybus clambered awkwardly up the ladder and stood clinging to the rail. The grocer obediently released his hold and started unsteadily towards him.

Unfortunately, at the same time the helmsman, in his eagerness to see as well as hear what was passing, allowed the ship to fall a little off her course, bringing a lumpy sea farther round on her bow. The "Antipas" took a steep roll in consequence, and Pybus careered down the inclined deck with Gadarene fury, cannoned off the telegraph, and crashed into the little Captain. China Hughes gave an anguished howl as his pipe rapped smartly on an iron stanchion, jangling his aching tooth, and bounced off the side-light screen into the sea. Before the "Antipas" had straightened out of the roll he had given the grocer a cuff on each ear and a rousing hack on the shin.

The Captain abused Reginald Pybus, saying in a low, wicked voice that he was as awkward as a certain type of lady at a christening. He was harsh about the ancestors of Mr. Pybus, both immediate and remote, in which connection he mentioned all the gharry wallahs in Bombay. He referred to the grocer's nice blue eyes, and did not wish them well; and was pessimistic about the ultimate salvation of his soul, if he had one.

With growing fervour, he appealed to one "Creeping Lazarus" for assistance in elucidating the problem, and spoke obliquely of the "Seven Blind and Blood-stained Orphans," a community of occult significance apparently resident in Portugal. His speech was seasoned with pungent Chinese words and epithets seldom familiar to the missionaries, and he wound up by denouncing the grocer as a left-handed pen-pusher, whose sedentary habits imparted to his garments a certain local sheen.

"Yes, sir," said Pybus. The mate had been up on Monkey Island taking bearings when Pybus first appeared on the bridge, but he had missed little of the interview which had passed beneath. With the dignity of an elephant in a ceremonial procession he paced down the bridge, seized Pybus by the shoulder and spun him

round. For the space of thirty seconds he stared at the grocer with growing amazement, then let him go and turned to China Hughes.

"Captain, it is not he! This is the wrong man, I mean."

"What's that? What's that?" shouted the Captain. "It must be the man, and he's just knocked my pipe over the wall."

"No, sir, it's not," said the mate. "Look, sir," he added, prodding Pybus in the middle of the waistcoat, "you don't think I'd pick a man with a stomach like that."

"The man I signed yesterday had red hair and a squint," said China Hughes, pushing

Pybus into the lighted chart-room, and, snatching off his cap, Captain and mate stared at each other in consternation.

"Get the second mate to take over, Mr. Whalebelly, and come down to my room," said the Captain.

"Now, what's your name?" asked Captain Hughes sternly, when the three assembled in the privacy of his cabin.

"My name is—is—" stammered Pybus, and stopped.

"Go on. Speak up. What's your name?" urged the Captain angrily.

"I can't remember," muttered Pybus miserably. In a hopeless way he subsided on to the settee, careless of his dripping clothes. "No, I can't remember," he said again. The two men looked at him.

"Perhaps you can tell us where you live?" suggested the mate, more gently. The grocer puckered up his face, looked helplessly from one to the other, and shook his head.

"Have you ever been to sea before? Are you a sailor?"

"I don't know," answered Pybus dully.

"He doesn't look like a seafaring man, his hands are too soft," said the mate in a low voice. "Let's see if he has any papers in his pockets."

Pybus obediently turned out the pockets of the shabby serge suit and spread their contents on the Captain's table. These included a pipe, two boxes of matches, and a morsel of thick twist tobacco in a battered tin box. The waistcoat yielded a broken penknife and a number of dirty bus tickets, and the trousers two shillings and sixpence, mostly in coppers.

"Try the inside pocket," suggested the mate.

Mechanically the grocer brought out Mahaffy's black-jack, and laid it with the rest, where the Captain and mate snatched at it simultaneously. It had been made by threading eight inches of log line through a steel bolt, and the whole weapon had been covered with half-hitched seaming twine, as seamen embellish the hafts of their knives.

"Is this yours?" snapped the Captain, turning sharply to Pybus.

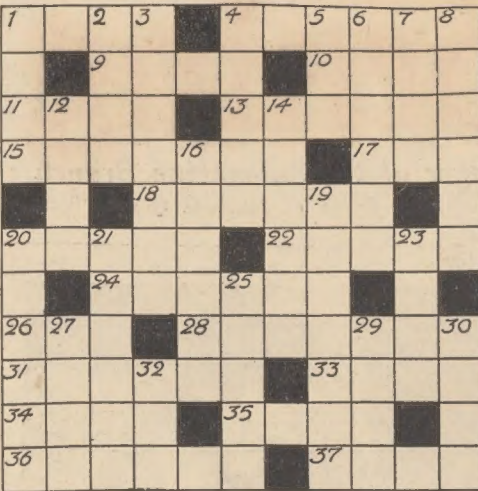
"I don't know. What is it?" said Pybus, looking up wearily.

The Captain took him by the arm and led him over to the light. "Let me look at your head," he said, and grunted as he caught sight of a significant swelling behind the grocer's ear.

"I thought as much," he muttered. "Mr. Whalebelly, slip below to the medicine chest and get the iodine." He ran skilful fingers round the bruise. "You're lucky you're alive, my lad," was his grim verdict.

"Who brought this man aboard?" asked the Captain

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Lean over.
- 4 Autograph books.
- 9 Performance.
- 10 Spoken.
- 11 Brave tale.
- 13 Incapable.
- 15 Childish.
- 17 Consumed.
- 18 Idea.
- 20 Got on.
- 22 Conjecture.
- 24 Correctly.
- 26 Horse.
- 28 Incipient.
- 31 Symbol.
- 33 Collect.
- 34 Paving slab.
- 35 Scanty.
- 36 Pieces of meat.
- 37 Fruit.

WASSAIL HAW
DOUR ATONE
UMBER POUND
PIE IMPOSE
STROVE TEXT
E PEACE I
TART NODDLE
FOISTS OUR
PITCH SCUTS
AROSE EASE
HER WITNESS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Clasp.
- 2 Rim.
- 3 Tiro.
- 4 Mature.
- 5 Throat wrap.
- 6 Courteous.
- 7 Barley preparation.
- 8 Naps.
- 12 Subtle emanation.
- 14 Whinnies.
- 16 Anti-septic.
- 19 Emerging stratum.
- 20 Sides of cut gem.
- 21 Mob.
- 23 Decline.
- 25 Weather shields.
- 27 Leave undone.
- 29 Noble.
- 30 Side.
- 32 Meadow.

QUIZ for today

1. A dudeen is a Swedish snake, hat, tobacco pipe, dance, Spanish dude, shellfish?
2. Who wrote (a) Tom Sawyer, (b) Tom Bowling?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—George Formby, George Robey, George Eliot, George Graves, George Gissing, George Moore.
4. What famous man is associated with Highgate Hill?
5. What is the average distance between the earth and the sun, in millions of miles?
6. In what games does one use (a) a niblick, (b) a catcher's mitt?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Dudgeon, Dungeon, Duenna, Dulcimar, Durible, Dumbledore.
8. What colour is the note F flat on the piano?
9. What is the floral emblem of Germany?
10. On what day did King Wencelas look out?
11. What is the wattle?
12. Name three famous people associated with apples.

Answers to Quiz in No. 314

1. Hat.
2. (a) E. V. Lucas, (b) John Masfield.
3. 25 is an exact square; others are not.
4. The Minstrel Boy.
5. 212 degrees.
6. White.
7. Quarupred, Quarantine.
8. Smolt.
9. Jacques, in Shakespeare's "As You Like It."
10. Alice, the Dormouse and the March Hare.
11. Marat, in the French Revolution.
12. Ophelia, Orlando, Othello.

JANE



"What was this superintendent like?"

"A most remarkable superintendent, with red hair, a squint, and no stockings. Butler and I had to remind him that the bag he was walking off with wasn't his."

"Did you bring this bag aboard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring it here at once. This man's been blackjacked and we can't find out who he is."

Red Mahaffy's wardrobe proved by no means extensive, consisting, apart from the perplexing dinner-jacket, of a very dirty suit of dungarees and a few tattered socks, stuffed with bunches of rusty keys. A number of cold chisels and screwdrivers rolled in sheets of newspaper hinted that the missing mariner was addicted to carpentry in his spare time, and a pack of greasy cards spoke of a sociable disposition. It seemed that the proprietor of a certain railway cafe had generously presented Mr. Mahaffy with a complete set of table equipment, plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon. He had apparently done this on benevolent impulse, omitting to wash them in his haste. The last meal had been bacon and eggs.

"Well, he was a parish-rigged bum," said the mate, looking over the collection on the Captain's table. "That junk never belonged to this man here, he's too clean. What are you going to do with him, anyway?"

China Hughes looked at Pybus, still shivering on the settee in his wet clothes, then tugged open a drawer beneath his bunk. "I'll leave him in the foc'sle for the present, Mr. Whalebelly," said the Captain.

Out of the drawer came a couple of heavy flannel singlets and some socks, which he rather shamefacedly pitched over to the grocer. "It'll be cold as a barmaid's heart till we get out of kiss-me-ear latitudes," he growled. "Stow those in your bag, and don't tell any of the men where you got them. And keep your mouth shut, too, Hogsbottle. Here's half a pound of tobacco and cigarette papers, and a couple of plugs of hard. I suppose you don't remember if you smoke a pipe?"

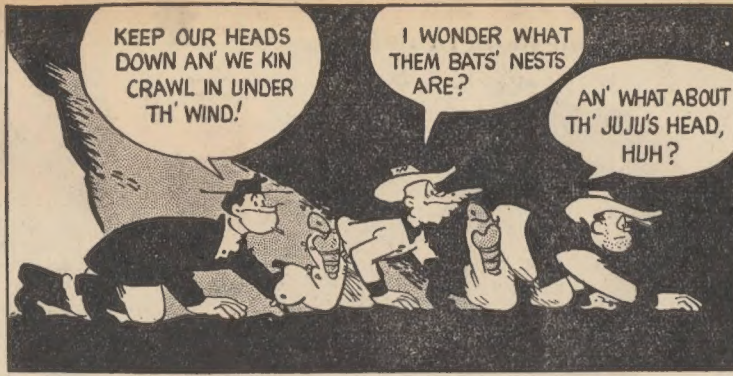
"No," said Pybus.

"Well, lay for'ard now, and keep your end up. There's more ships than parish churches, and we might make a flatfoot of you yet. It's a hard life, a bitter faring, and a poor man's wage, but there's worse ships afloat than the 'Herod Antipas.'"

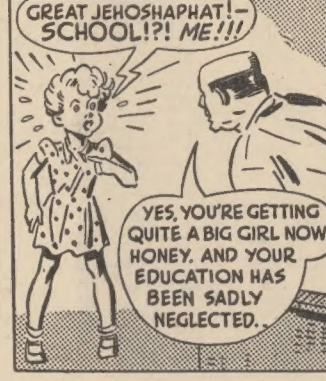
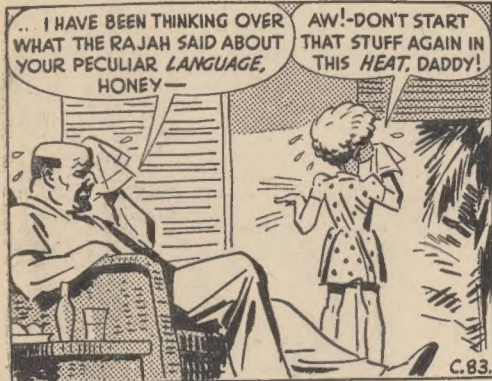
"Yes, sir," said Pybus. "Don't say 'Yes, sir,' like a bloody counter-jumper," snarled the Captain irritably. "Say 'Aye, aye.'"

"Aye, aye, sir," repeated the grocer obediently, stepping out into the darkness and making his way for'ward. (To be continued)

BEELZEBUB JONES



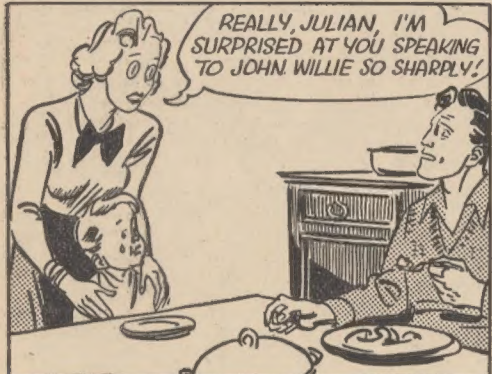
BELINDA



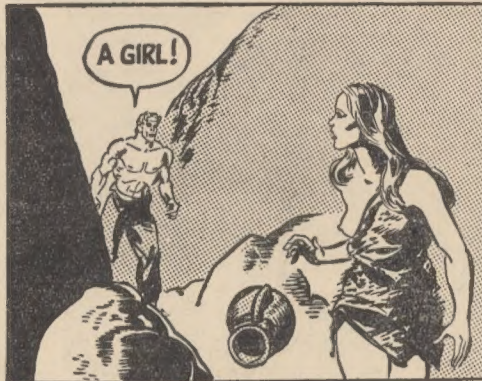
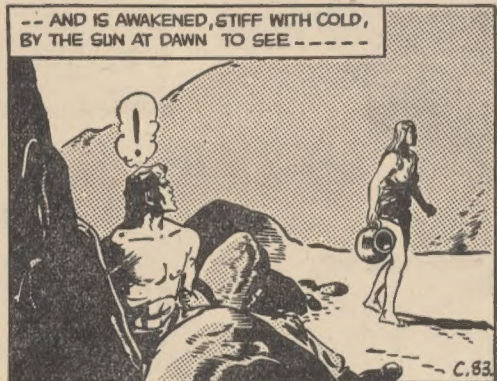
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

THE SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

THE inclusion of adult education as a necessary part of our educational system will do much to correct the present apathy of many parents to education, and to foster habits of intellectual curiosity and a love of sound judgment without which any educational system will fail. . . . Can we seriously maintain that there is not, in far too many cases, a contradiction between the precepts of the teachers at school and the practices of the parents at home?

Professor J. N. Wright (St. Andrew's University).

TOUGH AND SOFT.

THE enduring soft core of our outer Spartan toughness shows itself in all sorts of little ways. . . . We listen with stoical calm to the bombs dropping round our house, but we jib peevishly at the black-out, at utility pockets in our clothes, at our inability to get to the seaside for a holiday, at having to wait an hour in a queue at a cold corner for the cat's next week's rations, and other minor things of that sort.

Ernest Newman.

A DECLINING POPULATION.

DOES a decline matter? Some people say it does not, because there are too many people in Great Britain anyhow. There certainly are not too many when it comes to mobilising for a war. What about peace-time? Should we be better off with fewer people? It is very doubtful; in fact, it is most unlikely. Unless we cut our numbers down to a fraction of their present size we could not maintain our present standard of living on what we grow, mine and fish in this country.

L. J. Cadbury.

SCHOOL-LEAVING AGE.

AT the age when more privileged children are just entering a seven-year phase of advanced education, the great majority are thrown abruptly as wage-earners into the economic machine. This first impact with what is sometimes called real life may be a hard and disillusioning experience. When followed by the unrelieved fatigue of daily work it means not only that most children fail to follow up any interests roused by their schooling, but that they lose much that they have learnt.

Jacquetta Hawkes.

LOVE OF POETRY.

MANY people explain to us that they would by now have been great readers of poetry if it had not been "spoiled for them" at school by "doing it" for examinations of the old kind. It is theoretically possible. Perhaps they would by now have been saints if no one had ever examined them in Scripture. Perhaps they would have been strategists or heroes if they had never been put into the school O.T.C.

C. S. Lewis.

GETTING OLD.

NO one wants to get old, and however old age is tolerated, or whitewashed, by pity or self-indulgence, or even, as often happens, by natural kindness, few want to be bothered with elderly folk, unless they are able to disguise their elderliness, and sometimes even the victims of senescence don't wish to be bothered with themselves.

Holbrook Jackson.

OVERBURDENED M.P.s.

A STUDY of Hansard for the past four years suggests that our House of Commons is overwhelmed by a tremendous mass of local matters which might be handled better and more suitably by local Parliaments. It is worth consideration whether the time is ripe for separate Parliaments to be constituted for Scotland, Wales and England, and our present Houses of Parliament remodelled as an Imperial Parliament or a General Council of the Commonwealth.

F. W. Balch.

POLITICS AND BRAINS.

IT stands to the eternal honour of the American political system that men of intellectual distinction and achievement are not debarred from public life. . . . It can't, however, happen here. In this happy kingdom a mere suspicion of such attainments is enough to blast a man's political career. Few professors are permitted to rise further than high office in the League of Nations Union. For our public men shrink from the embarrassment of associating too closely with chilly intellects that might appraise their thinking and even improve their grammar.

Philip Guedalla.

Alex Cracks

Black: "I'm trying to compose a rhyme. Can you give me a word to rhyme with civil?" White: "What about 'drivel'?"

"Nowadays one can't trust anybody—the grocer gave me a bad shilling this morning." "Let me see it!" "I can't. I paid the milkman with it."

Good Morning

Candies may come, and candies may go, but the jolly-old thumb seems to go on for ever.



IT'S ODDS ON!

Glamorous Joan Bell knows she's wearing odd shoes . . . and yet . . .



The camera cannot lie, but when the photographer tried to dry his plate he almost melted the darned thing. Our hearts melt too . . . in sympathy with the horse.



This England

Old Wharfe Farm, Shillingsford, Oxon. The kind of place which would leave us with nothing to be desired . . . if we owned it.



Ye ancient game of flea-hunting.



"Talking out of the side of your mouth doesn't improve your looks, but it is a change from hearing you talk out of the back of your neck."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Back 'chatting,' huh?"

